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The most significant part of the Introduction is that which states the contribution of the several races of mankind to the formation of Christianity, which thus becomes a great eclectic system of Paganism. On the basis of this idea, M. Lamé has constructed his sketch of the life of the grandson of Constantine. He has added no new facts to the critical lives of Julian. But his narrative is very clear, vigorous, and interesting, and the argument is so subtle as not to seem argument. He does not apparently labor to justify a paradox, but takes his position as too evident to be disputed. The opening words of the final chapter are: "I cannot better close than by repeating what I said at the opening; Julian is one of the most Christian souls which have ever existed, not, it is true, after the manner of Protestants, but of Catholics. If he were living in our days, he would be a priest and a Catholic journalist."

14. — *Evenor et Leucippe. Les Amours de l'Age d'Or. Légende Antédiluvienne.* Par GEORGE SAND. Paris: M. Lévy Frères. 1861.

FROM the date of the Preface of "Evenor and Leucippe," August 25, 1855, it would seem that this is one of the works which George Sand has for a long while been doubtful about publishing. Many such, it is said, she has written from time to time. One might well delay to publish a romance with such a title, and dealing with such high and grave themes. There is a certain daring in calling a novel an "Antediluvian Legend," and making the Garden of Eden the scene of a love-story. George Sand, however, is not afraid to venture on what is usually considered forbidden ground; and we presume that her hesitation in publishing has not come from any fear of the religious world, or any dread of the charge of blasphemy. The title of her book raises apprehensions which the book does not justify. It has nothing which misuses or improves upon the Biblical account, and it does not, like the profane romances of the Rev. Mr. Ingraham, adapt the scenes of the Old Testament to gorgeous and erotic descriptions. It does not profess to be a Scriptural story. And yet it is a story in which the writer has wrought out her theological system, her ideas of nature, of man, and of God, her theory of sin, redemption, duty, and destiny. It is half an allegory, and half a theological romance. The Introduction furnishes the key to the book. *Love*, in the highest sense of that word, is the principle which gives dignity to the nature of man, separates him from the lower creation, rescues him from sin, allies him to God, and secures for him eternal life. Not content with the meta-

physical answer to the problem of the nature of man, "the being that thinks and can say, I," — or with the philosophical answer, "the being that acts and would make progress," — or with the naturalist's answer, "the being that can use articulate words, and who has a language," — she adds a fourth and higher answer, that man is "the being that can *love*, and love with a spiritual sentiment." Her romance is to illustrate the power and the province of this reconciling love.

The scene and the characters of her romance are not furnished, as we might at first think, by the Biblical story, but by the Critias of Plato, in that famous section in which the Atlantic island and its inhabitants are described. This picture of the Eden has seemed to her preferable to the account in Genesis, and the names of Evenor and Leucippe at once more musical and more human than the names of Adam and Eve. The name "Teleia" which is given to the "*deev*" of the story, a personage half human, half divine, — or rather at once divine and human, having the heavenly soul and knowledge, with an earthly body and needs, — is an invention of the author; — Plato does not use that name. No other supernatural person appears. The Elohim is not introduced, nor is there any serpent in the Paradise.

We cannot, of course, follow here the ingenious development of this allegory, which moves with unwonted slowness. Sometimes the thread of thought seems to vanish, like rivers in the African forests, but it reappears as we go on, and soon becomes a clear, shining lake. Paradise is lost, through the pride and the selfishness of men: it is regained by love. Bloody sacrifices of all kinds are abhorrent to the Divinity. Love teaches to refrain from violence, to allow liberty, and to bring as an offering to God only the fruits of innocent labor and of family affection. The chapter upon the "Family" is the explanation of all the rest.

We need not say that the style of this, as of all George Sand's romances, is transparently pure, and nervously strong. We can detect no loss of power in the expression of thought, numerous as her writings have been. Equally pure is the sentiment of all her later romances; and the objection to this will be rather theological than moral. There is no grossness in the scenes or the conversations. It is, however, evident that the author's scheme of life and idea of the world and man are not those of the Christian Church; that she is at once an idealist and a naturalist, believing that man is the bond between what is celestial and terrestrial, and that divinity is here with the race. Man contains all lower forms of organic life, and holds, too, the fulness of the divine life. By love he becomes as the immortals.

So curious and striking a romance as this will doubtless find speedy

translation; but we cannot expect that it will become as popular as the other writings of George Sand, having a purpose so scientific, and being so tame in its incidents. Those who seek "love" in romances will find these details of love in the golden age, typical as they are, far less interesting than the loves of actual earthly life, which mean nothing beyond themselves.

15. — *En Fumant*. Par ALPHONSE KARR. Paris: M. Lévy Frères. 1862. 12mo. pp. 320.

THE sarcasm of M. Alphonse Karr is at once witty and wise, shrewd and fantastic, keen and kind. Its severity is rarely malignant; and none will laugh more heartily at these savage thrusts than the victims of the satirist. The last production of M. Karr in this kind, though bearing the date of 1862, had reached a second edition before the beginning of the year, and will doubtless pass through many editions before the demand ceases. Everybody in Paris must laugh with this demonstrator of the ridiculous side of life. The odd fancies of the satirist may come "in smoke"; yet they will not so easily vanish, but will leave a long flavor and hue behind them. Some of the fifty-seven morsels of this brilliant book are on worn topics, and there is no novel satisfaction in ridiculing the French Academy or the magnetizers whom they condemned. But most of the topics are new. The freshness and charm of M. Karr's dashing style would make any topics entertaining. M. Karr is by no means a reformer, and it is not a profound moral purpose which leads him to the exposure of humbugs in every kind. He is, like Heine, a satirist by taste and nature, without the morbid sentiment and poetic melancholy of the fanciful German. He rattles on, saying what occurs to him, without any hope of results or fear of consequences. He is one of those provoking writers who have no moral earnestness, no theories of the world and life, and who are not afraid to have their jest on every subject and every occasion, yet withal are very useful and very fascinating. Reading M. Karr's books is like inhaling nitrous-oxide gas, which leaves very pleasant sensations, though you cannot recommend it as a pure atmosphere.

16. — *The Cross-Bearer. A Vision*. Boston: American Tract Society. 1861. 16mo. pp. 206.

A SERIES of seven pictures, of French origin, was the fruitful germ of this beautiful and edifying book. The number is increased to twelve